

and probably kill your neighbor's best tomato plants
trapped birds can also cause a lot of trouble
so with all speed and garden shears
chop off, in one stroke, the hair
in the region where the hindu's shoulders would have been
return unseen with the head just as quickly as possible
rejoin the hindu's head upon the hindu's shoulders
bring the hindu respectfully out of the trance
and ask him if he remembers anything
the hindu will probably tell you he had been on a long
voyage, at sea
on a makeshift raft with a small sail
that looked as if it were an inflated cheek
the type that blew the clouds along
on very old maps
and when he spotted a deserted tropical island
the raft drew near, and as the craft did so
the palm trees ran down the beach to meet him.

-- opal 1 nations

London W.11, England

Peluca

They are dancing
 dragging their leaden shoes
girls in one another's arms
 with breasts showing silver ridges
 worm tracks, intaglios
held in the webs of silk halters.
like goldfish their mouths give out bubbles.
behind them the band has sunken into the ground
 so that only their flowers show
 a pair of crawling suspenders
 and a scalp that struggles to form itself
 into a pair of lips.
a livery boy delivers the rumor
 that someone sitting on a hilltop
 has charmed an airplane down
but they pass through him -- he
 doesn't know what to do -- until
 he bends into soap.
meanwhile the bankers sweating in their striped pants
 like swelling balloons
 are turning dials against the lights,
clenched against tomorrow.
the aura goes dim
 and they begin peeling off their garters

their clothes to a skin that is better than clothes.
they take little address books out.
and the mouse cars
 drive out on the floor
on their little soft wheels, with hardly a toot
to take them home.

Outlaws in North America

Only God knows how long they have been riding
calling for little girls through forests that have
 the icy light of a sunset;
bursting out like uncurling smoke, like a
 fist and an arm, where the peasants
least expect it, preceded by a
 giant angel in flour sacks
who turning the wafer pages
 sings aloud in a nasal voice.

each carries a little of the blood of my grandmother
 crossing the sea,
 wailing
so there can be no excuse;
and fresh eggs up front
 in the velvet case attached
 to the dashboards of their jeeps.
horizons revolve and revolve through their heads,
 always grey-blue.
 their arms are bicycles
 that chew up paper.

and by 3 o'clock they are all
 drunk
 from their breakfasts,
 swinging from girders
 peering through binoculars.

I know. you want me to say
you can't tell them by their conical
white hats, their smiles and guns. their skeletons
are suits floating to the surface. and brute hands
that offer you cigars that are bombs
and on their tooled boots
roses for spurs.

-- Peter Wild

Tucson, AZ